

forgive like the Divine One, who puts our forgiven sins behind His back, casting them into the depth of the sea, and says, "Your sins and your iniquities will I remember no more?" Sometimes I know you must punish these tender little creatures, but having punished them, put the fault behind your back; or, if it is your precious privilege to "'scuse" one of God's little ones, for His dear sake, whose mercy is as wide as eternity, do it heartily and generously.

Having given you a story of to-day on the one side, allow me to offer you an illustration forty years old on the other. When I was a little tot, I once told a most unprovoked falsehood about some grapes, and my father punished me promptly and severely. The punishment made a great impression on me, and I associate it for years with those lucent Catawbas, and whenever they were in sight, or even mentioned, I tremblingly expected to be reminded of my sin and its consequences, but never, even by a look, did my wise father show any remembrance of the sad occasion. He trusted my word, accepted my promises, and gave me his loving confidence. I do not think I ever told a falsehood afterward.

The dear father has only been in the eternal home a few years, and during all that life-time, he never alluded to what I looked upon as the dark spot of my childhood. God blesses such tender wisdom and helps us to make our children realize what divine forgiveness is, by not only forgiving their faults, but forgetting them. —*The Congregationalist*.

A RICH and godly merchant was solicited for a subscription for a philanthropic object. He was busy, but at once said he would give £5. On the sheet being presented to him on which to sign his name and gift, he saw that a neighboring merchant had subscribed £50. "What's this?" he asked; "this matter must be more important than I thought. Tell me about it," and in the end he subscribed £50 also. By the first merchant letting his light shine, the second one saw his good works, and so he also glorified the Father whose Spirit was in them both. "But," as he said, "if I had not seen that man's light, I would not have known the importance of this work." —*The Presbyterian*.

BAD men cannot even enjoy a good, warm prayer meeting. How then could they be happy in heaven, even if God were to carry them up there?

BOBBY'S COMPOSITION ON PARENTS.

Parents are things which boys have to look after. Most girls also have parents. Parents consists of Pas and Mas. Pas talk a good deal about what they are going to do, but mostly it's Mas that make you mind. Sometimes it is different, though. Once there was a boy came home from college on vacation. His parents lived on a farm. There was work to be done on the farm. Work on a farm always has to be done early in the morning. This boy didn't get up. His sister goes to the stairway and calls: "Willie, 'tis a beautiful morning. Rise and list to the lark." The boy didn't say anything. Then his ma calls: "William, it is time to get up. Your breakfast is getting cold." The boy kept right on not saying anything. Then his Pa puts his head in the stairway, and says he, "Bill!" "Coming, sir!" says the boy. I know a boy that hasn't got any parents. He goes in swimming whenever he pleases. But I am going to stick to my parents. However, I don't tell them so, 'cause they might get it into their heads that I couldn't get along without them. Says this boy to me, "Parents are a nuisance; they aren't what they're cracked up to be." Says I to him, "Just the same, I find 'em handy to have. Parents have their failings, of course, like all of us, but on the whole I approve of 'em." Once a man says to me, "Bobby, do you love your parents?" "Well," says I, "I'm not a-quarreling with 'em." Once a boy at boarding-school went to calling his Pa the Governor, and got his allowance cut down one-half. His Pa said he ought to have waited till he was going to college. Much more might be written about parents, showing their habits and so forth, but I will leave the task to abler pens. —*Harper's Round Table*.

OUT OF SORTS.

Some people are always "out of sorts." The weather is always just what they don't want. I met one of these men awhile ago, a farmer, who raised all manner of crops. It was a wet day, and I said, "Mr. Nayling, this rain will be fine for your grass crop." "Yes, perhaps; but it is bad for the corn, and will keep it back. I don't believe we shall have a crop." A few days after this when the sun was shining hot, I said, "Fine day for corn, sir." "Yes, but it's awful for the rye. Rye wants cold weather." Again on a cold morning, I met my neighbor, and said, "This must be capital for your rye, Mr. Nayling." "Yes, but it is the very worst weather for corn and grass. They want heat to bring them forward." —*Dr. Todd*.

Children's Department.

From Dunlaps, Ind.

This is my first letter to the church paper. I am seven years old. Ida Simmons is my Sunday-school teacher. I will answer Ida Strayer's question, How old was Jesus when he was crucified. He was thirty-three years old. I will close for this time.

SAMMIE BEMENDERFER.

From Eagle Lake, Ind.

I will write a few lines to the EVANGELIST. I will answer a question which I saw some time ago. What happened to Lot's wife? She looked back and was turned into a pillar of salt. I will close by asking a question, In what chapter in the Bible is the word onion used?

LOUIS S. PFFEIFER.

From —

I thought I would write a few lines for the EVANGELIST. I am eleven years old. I like to read the letters. I go to Sunday-school whenever I can. My teacher's name is Miss Boggett. Our superintendent is Mr. Wortz. The subject for last Sunday was the Rich Man and Lazarus. I will answer Lizzie Spicer's question. Methuselah was the oldest man.

OLA E. MOSS.

From Norcatur, Kansas.

I will answer Ida Strayer's question. Jesus was thirty-three years old when crucified. I go to S. S. every Sunday that I can. My teacher's name is Charlie Reed. I like him very well. I have the whooping-cough now and can not go to Sunday-school. I have not been there for four weeks. I expect to go again in two weeks. I will close by asking a question. What two chapters in the Bible are alike?

ARCHIE HOLBEX.

A DUTCH WONDERBALL.

Little girls in Holland learn to knit when only four or five years old. They begin with two needles, and their mothers teach them how to make pretty wash rags, lamp mats, and ever so many useful things. When they have learned to use five needles they make wristbands and stockings, and every Dutch girl gets from her mother a wonderball for the first piece of work done with five needles. And no wonder the girls call it a wonderball! Candies, trinkets, and many pretty things are hidden in a large ball of wool, which is put in a handsome case with a set of needles. As the girl knits away, one thing after another is brought out from this ball of wool, and when the whole is used up they find in the center a gold piece or a ring or some fine gift. —*The Little Christian*.